

Good Morning S101

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

THE BIG STORY OF EX-U BOAT 570

THE following story was re-tured intact, was found to be a from that of a British submarine. She was handed over to the Submarine branch of the Royal Navy, and the Admiralty decided to use her as an operational submarine. No essential alteration was made in her construction.

The German submarine U.570 has played an important part in the war at sea—but not on behalf of Germany. Captured in August, 1941, this vessel has since been carrying out her submarine patrols under the White Ensign, young but very experienced manned by a specially selected officer, Lieut. P. B. Marriott, and specially trained crew of R.N., was appointed in command of the Royal Navy's submarine branch.

And, ironically enough, the particular object of her patrols was to seek out attack, and, if possible, destroy craft of her own kind.

The U.570 was captured following a depth-charge attack carried out by the Hudson aircraft of Coastal Command patrolling Iceland, which resulted in the enemy submarine showing a white flag, which was subsequently found to be the captain's shirt.

When the submarine was hit a rush of water into the hull began to generate chlorine gas. The engine-room crew rushed on deck and refused to go back to their stations. They huddled round the conning-tower and remained there all day and throughout the following night.

Hudsons and Catalinas took turns in guarding the prize until destroyers and trawlers arrived on the scene, and the submarine was eventually brought safely to Iceland.

Thus ended the first chapter in the history of U.570. The larly for the Commanding Officer, for the general arrangement of the interior of a German U-boat is very different

from that of a British submarine. The chief difference is that while in a British submarine the captain, during an attack, stands at the periscope in the control-room with the attack-team grouped around him, in a German U-boat the captain goes up into a kiosk in the bridge structure above the control-room and sits on the saddle of a massive, electrically driven periscope, which he operates by means of

the German U-boat is the multi-unit hydrophone, with its elaborately graduated dial, illuminated in red and green. British submarine hydrophone of torpedoes was fired at extreme ratings had to be specially trained to operate this instrument.

On her first patrol "Graph" achieved a success many minor explosions and loud cracking noises. The operator which proved the value of the experiment. She carried out an attack "by ear"—that is, on the multi-unit hydrophone—on a German U-boat. The "Graph" was submerged throughout the attack.

Lieut. Marriott, sitting at his action station in the kiosk, his eye pressed to the rubber-padded eyepiece of the periscope, and giving orders through voice tubes to the control-room below, caught only two very brief glimpses of the enemy before firing.

"A heavy swell was running," he wrote in his narrative of the attack. "Only the enemy's conning-tower was seen, though this with considerable clearness for a second. It was painted bright green, which shone in the sun, and it appeared to be roughly beam on."

Now had come the moment for which the men of the "Graph" had undergone long and intensive training. Right for'ard in the torpedo room they awaited the command from the kiosk, where the captain sat astride the periscope, below him an open hatch leading to the control-room above him, the closed hatch leading to the bridge.

"As an attack position," wrote Lieut. Marriott in his report of Another distinctive feature of the patrol, "the kiosk intro-

duced a feeling of remoteness." Eighty minutes after the detection of the enemy on the multi-unit hydrophone a salvo of torpedoes was fired at extreme ratings had to be specially trained to operate this instrument.

These detonations were followed by a prolonged explosion.

"Graph" attacked enemy destroyers and obtained two probable hits.

Lieut. Marriott, who is 29 years of age, was awarded the D.S.O. "for great courage, skill and determination" while in command of the "Graph." He is now the Commanding Officer of another submarine in Far Eastern waters, and he has been mentioned in recent Admiralty communiques announcing submarine successes against Japanese shipping.

Ron Richards

Autographs Led to Jail

LIKE the poor, forgers are paper watermarks which show the always with us. To-day, the date of manufacture.

The forging of ancient documents sometimes tempts the clever crook. One document almost deceived the experts. The paper and ink seemed to be perfectly genuine. Then an expert went to a

counterfeit money is usually paid museum which housed a document 20 per cent. of the value of the of the period and found that a "snide." They are wily merchants and pass only one note at one the forger had used to work a time, so that, if arrested, they can plead innocence.

In most cases they are trapped when collecting more "snide" from an accomplice who has been carefully shadowed for days.

The "dropper" is only a small part of the mechanism of a forgery gang. Behind him are the men who steal cheques. Some of the equipment captured by the police is amazingly up-to-date. Many a gang has employed the most modern process cameras and printing machinery. Whole plants have been found equipped with acids and developing tanks.

Usually, however, the most elaborate forgeries are worked "from the inside." You may remember the clerk employed by the Bank of Liverpool who forged cheques to the tune of £150,000 in the name of "Soap King."

One over-cautious forger had traced a number of signatures from the original. The microscope showed up the damning fact that a carbon tracing had been made of the genuine signature which had then been inked in. The double outline stood out quite firmly.

Stanley Jackson

THOUGHT FOR SUNDAY

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE GET AROUND FOR A.B. PAT REILLY

WE found a good family Daphne, and saw Gran, the two gathering when we called Jacks, and all the family, and at 82 Longbridge Road, Barkingsend, Essex, A.B. Pat Reilly, for regards.

Your father has now recovered from his illness, and both Vera and Kath are keeping well in the W.A.A.F. Daphne, who has only been home from Leicester for two weeks, is now getting a big girl, and has grown consider-

ably since she was evacuated six months ago.

She adds that she's sorry she didn't see you at Christmas, and, by the way, Pat, speaking of Christmas, how was it you weren't able to get to the party yourself?

Mike is not content with that cinematograph you gave him at Christmas. Although that is still in good order, he says he

wants you to bring a monkey home for him now, so you'd better see what you can do.

Mike, by the way, was looking forward to the Sea Scouts' beano which he was going to with Ivan and Brian a day or two after we called.

All the family are looking forward to your homecoming, Pat, and all would wish us to send you their love.

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We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



A British naval officer at the periscope of H.M.S. "Graoh," formerly the German submarine 570.

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Ron Richards

**Marson
Martin's
COUNTRY
CALENDAR**



HAVE you ever watched a barful of dart-players all trying their hardest to lose?

No, there's no catch in it; unless, like me, you knew what was behind it, and then you might discover the catch—in your throat.

It happened this way. Jim Windmill, who, in the days when there was a regular darts team up at the "Horseshoes," always went Number One for the village, had met with an accident. He had shot away a lot of the muscle of his left arm with a 12-bore and had spent the last five months in a hospital cot.

Since coming out he had been only a very occasional visitor to the taproom, and then never stayed longer than a couple of pints. His damaged arm was going to get better, the doctors at the hospital had said, and I think Jim believed them.

He wore a white stockinette sheath over the forearm, and when he drew it off to show us how well he could move the fingers it always made me feel a little sick. The broad, coarse, capable hand that I remembered now looked shrunken and as small as a girl's.

ON the particular evening of my story, I knew something was up the moment I pushed open the tap door. There was a crowd round the dartboard, but that was usual. What was unusual was the fact that the oldsters who gather every night of their lives to play crib were not playing. They were standing in the group watching the darts.

And then I saw it.

As I watched, Jock pulled the darts from the board and handed them, or rather put them awkwardly into Jim's right hand. Quick as a flash, Jim put the points of those arrows into his mouth and held them between his teeth. Then, with his right hand—he was a natural left-handed player—he threw them.

He wanted double seventeen, but to see those three darts you'd never have guessed it. The first was a three, then a six, which left him twenty-three to tear. A seven for two eights was the natural drill, and nobody knew it better than Jim. His dart went into the eight. His partner was left to fillet fifteen.

NOBBY was next. He wanted double ten for game—and double ten, as everybody in the room knew, was Nobby's cup number. He just couldn't miss double ten. He always started on it, and, when he needed it to finish, his opponents automatically laid down their darts; for we're a very superstitious school at the "Horseshoes"—we know that it's dead unlucky to be caught holding darts when your opponents are on the finishing double.

Well, this time Nobby shaped for double ten in familiar style by edging as far over to the right as the window settle would allow. His first dart was on the wire, his second was outside, and his third went into the fifteen!

You can picture the rest for yourselves. This only will I add. Jock and Nobby, who were putting up such a gallant fight to lose to their friend, are men who nightly have to put their hands into their pockets and count their money.

THE PHEASANT GOES INTO BATTLE

Reports Fred Kitchen

THE farm man who knows his settles down to that peculiar gait of "two dabs and a look up" which is the way of all large inside pocket, and—if the rooks and crows when feasting tailor hasn't put one there—finds it worth while to tear the lining and make one.

Bill's inner pocket is of the kind that goes right round the back, and if you ask him why, he grins and says it's handy to carry a plough spanner.

The ten-acre had been cleared of the potato crop, and Bill was harrowing the ground ready for sowing autumn wheat.

The field was a happy hunting ground for innumerable rooks, for though the potatoes had been pretty well cleared up, the harrows were working his horses.

Then, before Bill had got near enough to disturb him, a pheasant strutted out of the wood.

It eyed the rook over a moment, and then walked across and gave a peck at the potato.

The rook, surprised at such impudence, hopped aside with an angry "caw," and stared sideways at the intruder.

It's not so bad for a neighbour rook to step in and share the spoils, but when a pampered pheasant—who is too lazy to dig for his own potatoes—demands a share, it's asking too much of a rook's forbearance.

The rook gave a mighty hop in the air and went into battle.

For a couple of minutes the rook and the pheasant hopped and circled around each other, while Bill, having pulled up his horses, watched the battle.

His hand groped for something in his capacious inside pocket, and he stepped quietly alongside one of his horses.

At last the rook, finding the pheasant's movements too quick for him, soared away with a complained "caw," and the pheasant stooped to peck.

A plough spanner whizzed by the horse's head, and Bill quickly followed the tactics of his friend the rook—a "dab and a quick look up."

But rooks never fight for long, and no sooner do they is handy when working in the quarrel than they are friends fields, though it does spoil the again. Then the rightful owner shape of the coat.

up quite a few, and so giving the rooks something to shout about.

It was foolish of them to make such a noise about it, but whenever a rook found a potato, he, or she, gave an excited "caw," attracting the attention of all the neighbours.

The result was that Bill was constantly entertained by little skirmishes over the possession of a potato, with several aerial combats thrown in by way of variation.

Even if a staid old rook kept silent over his find, his actions gave him away, and brought a crowd of neighbours around to dispute his right of possession.

But rooks never fight for long, and no sooner do they is handy when working in the quarrel than they are friends fields, though it does spoil the again. Then the rightful owner shape of the coat.

You were Lucky to Miss this Storm

EVERYONE has heard of the Great Fire of London, which in 1666 destroyed large areas of the City—but how many have heard of the Great Storm, which did far more widespread damage?

Unlike most gales, the fearful tempest that terrified many people into believing that the end of the world had come, in 1703, did not rage for a few hours and then subside. It kept at concert pitch for nearly a week.

During that time people in the cities and towns were afraid to venture outside their doors for fear of being killed by falling tiles, crashing chimney stacks and flying timber.

But even indoors they were not safe, and 123 in London alone were killed by the houses falling on them. And in London alone 2,000 chimney stacks fell.

The streets were strewn with bricks, chimney pots, pieces of wood from demolished penthouses and wooden signboards.

In the countryside, apart from the severe damage to

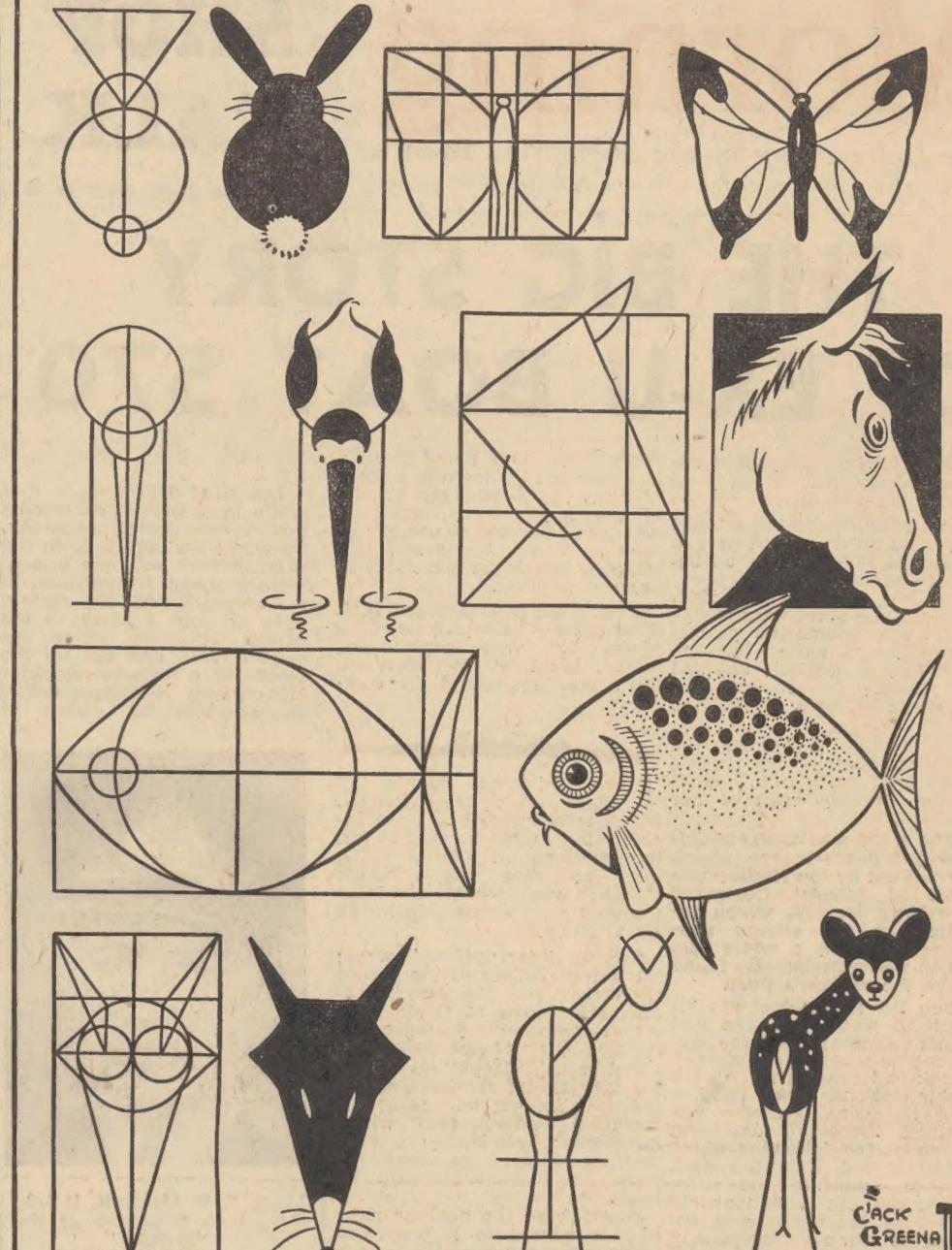
thousands of houses, farms and cottages, trees were torn up by the thousand (one observer counted 17,000 in one part of Kent before he got tired of counting!); in meadows along one stretch of the Severn 15,000 sheep were drowned; orchards were destroyed wholesale; haystacks and cornstacks were caught up, torn to pieces, and the bits spread for miles over the surrounding country; small farm buildings were swept away "like chaff" before the gale.

He had, in reply to suggestions that the lighthouse was not strong enough, said he would like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven. He had his wish. And that was the end of it—and him.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

PERFECTLY ZOOLOGICAL

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DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. PERFECTLY ZOOLOGICAL.—Here you learn to draw, a rabbit, a butterfly, a bird, a horse's head, a fish, a fox's head, and a little deer. Each sketch again has its explanatory diagram to the left of it. Where there is a centre upright line always draw this first to keep your sketch properly balanced.

Desert Adventures of a Cameraman told to Ron Richards

KEN RODWELL, of G.B.I., is parture was held up for a now a sergeant-cameraman couple of days, due to the fact of the Army Film Unit in Italy.

Here I am, sitting in rather a shell-battered house, way up in the line, listening to gusts—the cameras, to our disposal, giving Jerry his nightly pasting—in reply to our guns giving Jerry his was Main 8th Army H.Q., then which he usually lobbs over situated on the coast between two or three mortar bombs. Just to let us know he is still there.

Now for reflections—back to that day in May, 1942, when, together with eight other cine-operators and seven Fleet Street boys, I set sail for the Middle East.

We arrived at Cairo, and then on to Jerusalem.

Three days later found us on our way north in a three-tonner, bound for a small village called Hadera, which lies on the coast between Tel-Aviv and Haifa. This village was to be our home for the next two months, so we dug ourselves well in.

Eric Deeming, of "Strand," Cyril James, of the "Mirror," and myself, at the beginning of August, found ourselves once again in Cairo—preparing this time for our first trip in the "blue," as the desert was commonly called by the 8th Army. Our cine-cameras (Devrys) turned up at zero hour, for we were about to depart in our Jeeps when the crates arrived at Alex.—consequently our de-

leather. Frank and I went down south with the Tanks who were perfecting and encircling Mersa Matruh.

The action that followed was comparatively small, for the main enemy force had already gone, leaving some thirty men manning one anti-tank gun and a few machine-guns.

Upon leaving Benghazi town we were directed inland by an M.P., who said that the coast road was for up traffic alone that day and that we'd have to take a desert track to Borce, our first call on the route back. Well, we took a track back, but, unfortunately, it was mined. I remember making for the train lines in the Jeep, but that is about all. I can't remember hearing any explosion—it was curtains straight away. When I came to, after some hours, it was raining, and I was gazing up at the sky. My first thought was, "What a silly ass, sleeping outside with no cover." Somehow I rolled over and started crawling around. God knows what I was looking for—must have been instinct—anyhow, I found Frank, or at least stumbled across him, lying face up—stone dead.

One of our own Unit found me—Duffield, of the "Standard," a war correspondent. After covering Frank over with a blanket, he rushed me off to Borce hospital.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

A POSTSCRIPT to my recent notes on the Import and Export Control appears in the current issue of the Stamp Magazine. This journal has, during the war, continued to list stamp issues of enemy and enemy-occupied countries, a service which must have proved of great value to collectors, cut off from most normal channels of news.

In reviewing the American Scott's catalogue for 1945, the Editor says: "It is to be regretted that the numerous issues which have emanated from enemy and enemy-occupied countries since December, 1941, find no place in these volumes. The Stamp Magazine has always placed the duty of recording facts above the passions of conflict, and has published by far the most complete lists of stamps from these countries in this or any other country.

"The regulations obtaining both here and, we understand, in the United States, precluding the import or export of goods, including postage stamps, do not, in our opinion, prevent editors and publishers of well-informed publications, whose primary concern is the listing and description of all philatelic issues, from listing and illustrating those issues, provided doing so does not entail the buying or selling of those issues.

"The millions of men from both continents faithfully serving their countries in the far corners of the earth are not to be impeded from spending their paltry pittances in the furtherance of their own hobbies and interests, and in communicating interesting and, ultimately, valuable information to their own specialised journals for the benefit of their fellow philatelists.

"There are some regulations which become obsessions with bureaucratic minds and go far to defeat the original intentions of the framers



of the regulations. These regulations have become dead letters and honoured only in the breach; in effect, have repealed themselves."

THREE special stamps commemorating the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Australia were put on sale at Commonwealth Post Offices in February, I am told. The design shows the Duke and Duchess in oval panels with joined sprays of British oak and Australian gum leaves above. The values are 2½d., 3½d. and 5½d., and the colours red, blue and blue black.

I HEAR that the New Zealand Post Office is planning an issue of Peace stamps. There is, as yet, no information as to design or the values contemplated.

SINCE the re-occupation of the Island of Leyte in the Philippines last November, stamps of the former general issue have been over-printed "Victory," and are now in use for postal purposes.



Illustrated in this column are three Bolivian commemoratives marking the Revolution of December 20, 1943, the 40c. and 1b. 50c. being for air mail and the 20c. for ordinary postage; also two further German stamps in honour of that country's war effort.

ALEX CRACK

The men of Jonesville, Texas, held a contest to see who could eat the most Hamburgers. Hank won by eating four dozen, and his pals asked him why he was looking miserable instead of being proud and joyful.

"Well, fellers," said Hank, "it's like this hyah. If you-all talk about this hyah contest and it gets around to my old lady, she's that stingy she's liable to think I won't be wanting any supper to-night."

THIS is not one of those "centres of communications" one reads so much about in the papers, it's just a place where three winding lanes meet. And if you're wise when you come to it, you'll sit quietly in the shade and wonder which lane to take. Nothing at all will hang on your decision, and that is precisely why the choosing should be slowly savoured. Is it to be the lane which skirts the stone barn and promises a view of the downs? Or will you follow

in the direction of the tinkling water-sounds to see whether the king-cups are golden in the water-meadows? Or should you take the lane which meanders between high hedges past the mill? That's the one which promises a village soon, so that's the one to take. For "they" will just be opening. If they're not, why, you can always sit on the church wall in the sun, and wait. And the hymn you'll be humming? Why, that's easy, too—it's "Open Wide Those Pearly Gates."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"This is me sitting in the sun and waiting."

